

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAGAZINE



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

Vol. 20.

JANUARY, 1948

No. 11.



AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB  
**ANNIVERSARY MEETING**

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

January 24th and 26th,  
1948

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PRINCIPAL EVENTS :

*First Day :* SATURDAY, JANUARY 24th  
**THE CHALLENGE STAKES—**  
**£1,500 Added**  
Six Furlongs

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*Second Day :* MONDAY, JANUARY 26th  
**THE**  
**ANNIVERSARY HANDICAP—**  
**£2,000 Added**  
One Mile and a Half

T. NICHOLSON,  
Racing Secretary.

W. N. PARRY-OKEDEN,  
Secretary.

6 Bligh Street, SYDNEY.



## Let us Have a Fair-Go Always

**W**E READ RECENTLY the reported explanation of an owner for scratching his horses: they had performed so indifferently on heavy courses that their possibly improved form in firmer going might give rise to misunderstanding among the public.

Right thinking persons would not have believed anything but the best of this sporting owner and his connections, win or lose; yet none blamed him for having taken precaution against possible embarrassment in the circumstances.

Regarded impersonally, this is scarcely a happy state of affairs. Who is responsible? Mainly a miserable minority which, thinking crookedly, cannot see anything straight in straight-goers.

This minority will be with us always; but its noise and nonsense should not be mistaken ever for the fuller, fairer voice of the discerning majority.

We do not confine to racing our plea for a fair-go.

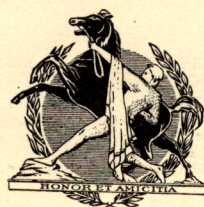
Sections of the Press tried to magnify into an "incident" the dismissal of Brown by Mankad for the second time in a manner unusual, although scrupulously sporting, and correct according to the book of rules.

We had had a surfeit of sensation-hunting during the Englishmen's tour, besides which our Indian friends, as well as their Australian opponents—including Brown, the batsman in the picture—had been, and have been, giving us cricket as we like to see it played in the sport of the game.

According to reports, Mankad had warned the batsman on the first occasion, and the batsman's partner at the creases had advised him against backing-up on the second occasion. On both occasions, Brown had failed to exercise due precaution, and paid the penalty. That was all there was to it.

Brown was naturally distressed, but he did not complain. He knew how to take it. The game proceeded without show of feeling from players or from the crowd.

Critics have the right to criticise, as they should have; but it is a right conditioned ethically by restraint and wise calculation, or should be. When the few—as distinct from the many—among critics forsake that clear appreciation of responsibility, they perform a dis-service greater than possibly has been foreseen or even intended.



Established 14th May, 1858.

## TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY



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# The Club Man's Diary

## BIRTHDAYS

### JANUARY.

1st P. Kearns	20th W. T. Ridge,
6th V. J. Hutchins	C. V. Dunlop
7th J. L. Geraghty	21st C. F. Viner Hall
8th F. G. Spurway	22nd J. Hunter
9th R. A. Sharpe	23rd A. K. Quist
10th J. A. Chew	26th A. C. Ingham,
11th Col. T. L. F. Rutledge, Howard James	27th N. Stirling,
14th W. C. Wurth	H. T. Matthews
16th A. C. W. Hill	28th Leon Vandenberg
17th G. V. Dunwoodie	29th G. R. W. MacDonald
18th F. S. Martin	30th R. H. Alderson
31st G. H. Beswick	

### FEBRUARY.

1st W. T. Wood	11th L. G. Robinson
2nd E. E. Hirst,	13th H. M. Norton,
A. V. Miller	A. J. Matthews,
6th C. O. Chambers,	W. C. Hildebrandt
T. S. Prescott	17th G. S. Smith
8th A. J. M. Kelly	25th H. S. Clissold
9th A. E. Cruttenden	29th J. G. O'Brien

PEOPLE were talking of New Year prospects at Tattersall's Cup meeting. Opinions varied.

Some expressed philosophy, such as: "Let us meet the worst with our best effort." Others disclosed fatalism: "If it's going to happen it will happen—so why worry?"

Then there were the incorrigible optimists. Here the listener often detected a forced gaiety to disguise fear. And of course, the pessimists: "Things are bad, but they'll get worse."

Best contribution was made by one of the younger generation of business men: "Let us avoid clouded thinking. Let us keep our own horizons clear."

\* \* \*

ON the right of the chairman at the Club's Cup-day luncheon sat the chairman of the A.J.C. This association was symbolic of a common interest in the sport of racing, and also of the link that time and a cordial relationship had forged between the two institutions.

\* \* \*

THE company at luncheon commented on more than the excellence of the fare. They spoke of the smooth organisation through which people were directed to their seats, without being irked by protracted searching, and of a service which was satisfying.



Mr. S. E. Chatterton, Chairman of Tattersall's Club, admires the handsome Gold Cup which was presented to Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Cohen, owners of Skip Bomber which won Tattersall's Cup on New Year's Day.—Photo by "Daily Telegraph."

COMING away from luncheon, Mel Lawton wished us the best and added: "Get off to a good start in the New Year by taking the double, Danger-Skip Bomber."

\* \* \*

A SWEDISH writer notes a difference between Danes and Norwegians in their resistance to the Germans. "The Norwegian says No, and doesn't do it. The Dane says Yes, and doesn't do it, either."

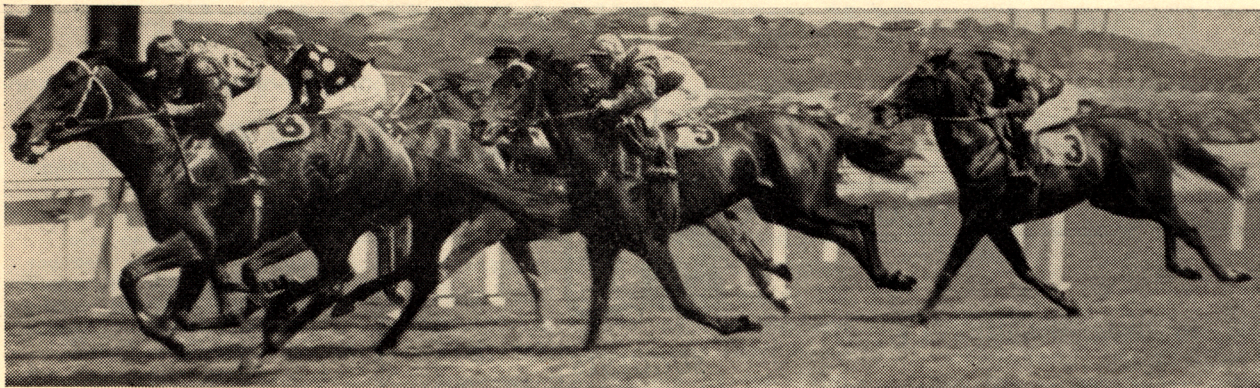
WE regret to record the passing of the following members since last issue.

BENNETT, C. W.  
Elected 15/8/32.  
Died 16/11/47.

POTTS, C. V.  
Elected 14/11/32.  
Died 16/12/47.

BARKEL, C. M.  
Elected 30/9/29.  
Died 26/12/47.





*Star Vite (8) just defeated Beau Robert (black, white spots) in Tattersall's Carrington Stakes run at Randwick on Saturday, December 27. Mine Host finished third, but is obscured on the rails inside the winner.*

## CLOSE FINISHES IN CLUB'S ANNUAL DOUBLE

Close finishes were a feature of Tattersall's annual double, Carrington Stakes and Club Cup, run at Randwick. Minor events also were keenly contested in one of the Club's most successful summer carnivals. Increased attendances and higher totalisator revenue were a tribute to sound organisation.

THE camera-finish was frequently used. It was found necessary to determine both the Carrington and the Cup by this means, but in the sprint there seemed little doubt about the result.

The Cup, however, provided one of Randwick's most exciting finishes on record, certainly the closest since the photo-finish was installed. Backers of Skip Bomber who had accepted 4 to 1 before the race started, could have been accommodated at 6's before the hair-line decision was broadcast.

First leg of the Club's double was won on the post by Star Vite, who

showed improved form and scored narrowly from Beau Robert and Mine Host, who had made most of the running. Barnsley's penalty of 10 pounds probably settled his chance though he was in the picture most of the way. First money was £1,449.

Club's Cup was keenly contested and riders of the placed horses gave fine exhibitions. It was in the last stride only that victory went to Skip Bomber, but the public had to wait several minutes before the judge, Dudley A. Smith, announced his decision. He called for a second copy of the photo and examined it closely

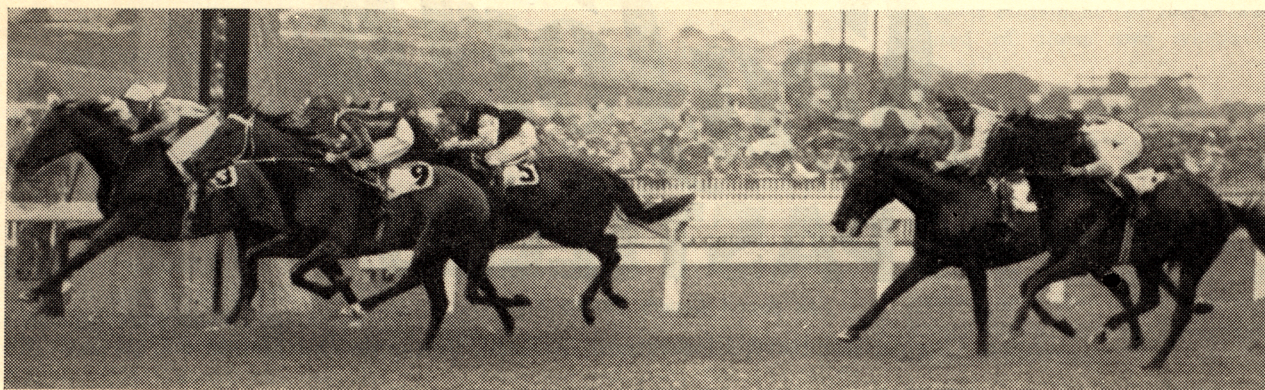
with a magnifying glass. There was a winning margin of a "nose."

Crusader was followed by Kerry Lad half a length away third. Crusader looked all over a winner nearing the post, but the favourite "nosed" him out.

Skip Bomber struck a purple patch at the right time and his new trainer, Percy Gutteridge deserved his success.

First money was £1,655, plus a gold cup valued at £100.

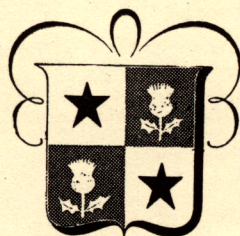
Club Committeeman, Jack Roles, gave a 47-piece canteen of cutlery to the winning trainer—a fine gesture.



*Skip Bomber (9) finished too fast for Crusader in Tattersall's Club Gold Cup race on New Year's Day, and scored a very narrow victory. Kerry Lad (third) finished less than a length away.*



THE HOUSE



OF PAYNE'S

SUGGESTS

**"A  
Good Club Man  
is a credit to his club"**

**He is a good fellow on every floor of the Club . . . in the pool . . . dining room . . . bar . . . everywhere.**

He is popular with staff members. He pays his dues and debts freely, without question. He is a good mixer, quick to praise and slow to criticise.

This is why he IS a good club man, and the club that can count many of his kind of members is a happy club.

*Which reminds me, good club men always know a "good thing" and are ready to share with their fellow members. Watch for the member of your club who offers you a packet of Payne's Seaforth Pastilles, the chewiest, fruitiest of jubes. He's worth knowing. He must be a good club man . . . Nuff Sed!*

*Payne's*  
**Seaforth**  
**PASTILLES**

*In Seven Lovely Fruity Flavors*

Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Blackcurrant, Aniseed, Pineapple and Lime

**BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF MENTHO-LYPTUS**



# THE CLUB MAN'S DIARY—(Continued)

## As Others See Us

Appreciation of Tattersall's Club Magazine from Brian Osborne, Secretary, Tasmanian Racing Club:

"Just a very short note to thank you very much for the copy of Tattersall's Magazine for December, and the story about our racing.

"Quite honestly—it is one of the nicest references I have ever read about our racing in Tassie and it is certainly most interesting. I can see, and must thank you, for keeping in mind some of the old references I have sent you over the years. You have worked them in in the way I suppose I should only expect—it is particularly nice, and my Chairman was delighted with it today here.

"I do like the most interesting Tattersall's Club Magazine. Do you think the Secretary would include me on his mailing list? All copies will be included in my Club's Library, which I am gradually getting into shape for reference by local racing folk."

The Tasmanian Racing Club has been placed on the mailing list.

**JOHN ROLES** was called across to the spot in the official stand where the Gold Cup was being displayed along with the canteen of cutlery which John had generously given for presentation to the trainer of the Cup winner. The man who had called the donor said: "By such a gift you have placed the winning trainer in a position to talk turkey."

\* \* \*

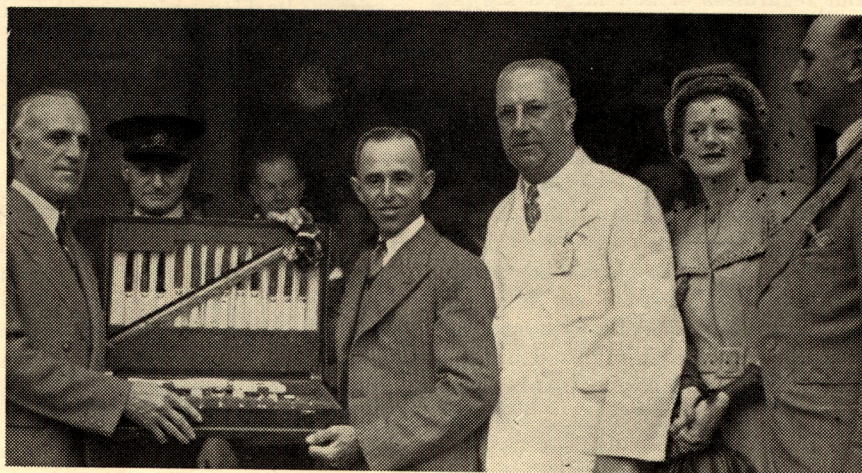
**TO** be admired was the spirit of the owners of Skip Bomber—Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Cohen—who carried away the Gold Cup to drink from it champagne at a function which they had arranged that evening for their friends, in anticipation of victory.

A trophy is given its best meaning when it is accommodated to a good use—not isolated on the sideboard.

\* \* \*

**SEVERAL** members broke away from a group gathered around the bar to stickybeak on a last-minute rush on Joe Matthews, from within the official stand and outside. When they returned, one of them said: "Oh, it was nothing—just a rush to be on Newborough."

**JOHN O'RIORDAN**, who races Invincible in partnership with A. W. Anderson, recounted a dream about the horse: Invincible was in great distress, as if choaking. John at once went to its aid and extracted half a sausage from Invincible's throat. John believed this a good tip as his partner is known as the Sausage King. Alas, all dreams don't come true—as the running of the Trial Stakes proved.



*Mr. S. E. Chatterton presenting a canteen of cutlery to Percy Gutteridge, trainer of Skip Bomber which won Tattersall's Gold Cup at Randwick on January 1. Behind the trainer is Mr. J. A. Roles, who donated the trophy, then Mrs. N. S. Cohen and her husband who owns the winner.*

**A. O. ROMANO**, greeting a friend of the same vintage: "I hope you live to be as old as I am."

\* \* \*

**STORY** was told between races of a Sunday School teacher addressing her class: "Wealth alone does not bring happiness into a home. What does?" She expected "Love" as the answer, but got from a little boy, "Tiles."

\* \* \*

**EXCHANGE** of greetings with Fred Wilson, A.J.C. handicapper, served to recall many years of unbroken friendship.

\* \* \*

**VETERAN** racegoer said of the two-year-old Admetus (Yaralla-Alceustus): "He should turn out a good 'un. He may not be an early-comer."

**THE** many who greeted George Rowe remembered courtesies he had shown them during his years as A.J.C. secretary. These were men from city and country. Their tributes were to his qualities as a man and an official.

\* \* \*

**OVERHEARD** about the pictures which decide the placings, when called for by the judge: "They're getting as tense as the movies."

## Silence is Golden.

**UNTIL** he was thrust into the forefront as official spokesman for the Ford Motor Company at Congressional hearings, the late Edsel Ford held the reputation of being proof against interviewers. His longest statement for the press consisted of these two words: "See father."

Once, some years ago, however, Edsel was induced to break down. The occasion was the celebration at Dearborn, Michigan, of the completion of the fifteen millionth Model T. Ford. Besieged by reporters to say something, and urged on by his father and the latter's associates, Edsel finally agreed. "All right, I'll make a statement."

This is what he said: "Fifteen million is a lot of anything."—"The Philadelphia Inquirer."



# IF MEN HAD THEIR WAY . . . .

**I** GATHER that if men had their way about it, there would be living mannequins in shop windows, instead of dummies. Women would all have daffodil-coloured hair, which they would wear in very long bobs, a little wavy at the ends. They would never, never comb it in public, however. They would always go hatless in summer and blow beautifully in the wind, and any hats they wore in the winter would be large and romantic, never little and silly. But regardless of how large a lady's hat was, it would never flip and flop, and never have to be clutched with the hand, not even in a hurricane.

Day-time skirts would always be short—if men had their way—but not too short, and evening skirts, though long and sinuous and trailing, would be split to the knee. Stockings would be black and sheer, and the seams would be straight as plummet-lines. Feminine shoes would always be dainty, and amusingly small and very high-heeled,

and yet at the same time women would always be able to trudge for miles in these shoes without tiring, and without halting, and above all without mincing.

Make-up would never look like make-up if men had their way, and it would never have to be replenished under any circumstances. Fingernails would be short and pink, not long and red. A law would be passed forbidding women ever to wear slacks, except perhaps, in war factories. Bathing suits wouldn't be sold to any female larger than a size 16.

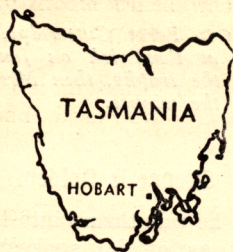
Lap-dogs would be exterminated if men ruled the universe, and no one would ever put anything in a different place from where they would have put it, and all meals would consist of oysters, steak, mashed potatoes with gravy, and pie. There wouldn't be any goblets with stems or any doilies, big or little, or any fancy salads. And speaking of eating, there would

never be any women in the restaurants where men like to lunch—unless, of course, they themselves chanced to be lunching with a woman.

If men had everything to suit themselves, the average wife would combine the best features of Greer Garson (as Mrs. Miniver) and Gypsy Rose Lee (as Gypsy Rose Lee), together with those of a blue-ribbon cook, a certified public accountant, an angel from heaven and the man's own mother.—Katherine Brush in "The Chicago News."

## Here's How!

**T**HOUGH for the New Year,  
quoting Housman:  
The troubles of our proud and  
angry dust  
Are from eternity, and shall not  
fail;  
Bear them we can, and if we can  
we must—  
Shoulder the sky, my lad, and pass  
the ale!



## TATTERSALL'S

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# Turf Recapitulation and Outlook

THE 1947 racing year concluded at Randwick Tattersall's Car-rington Stakes meeting and rarely, if ever, has the turf faced a New Year so replete with promise as 1948.

Prize money has taken a fair jump since the formation of the Sydney Turf Club and now the A.J.C. has given this matter every consideration.

At a recent meeting the A.J.C. increased the stakes added to some of the big events of the year and also set aside a goodly sum to bring the prize money for minor races up to a very satisfactory level.

The Sydney Cup for 1948 will carry £8,000 and it is only a matter of time when this race and the A.J.C. Derby will be £10,000 events or even greater.

The new tax on bookmakers' turn-overs came into force on January 1 and as provision has been made for a proportion of that tax to increase the revenue of both A.J.C. and S.T.C. the income of those two racing bodies will receive a big fillip in the New Year.

Whatever is received in this way must be put back into racing and as prize money is the most important expense, stakes should be considerably higher all round in the future.

A member of the S.T.C. Committee recently stated that his committee had already discussed the question and anticipated providing at least three £5,000 prizes during 1948.

Another matter that can be attended to from the increased revenue is improvement to the race tracks.

Sydney is not very well off for courses. At present, only four are in commission, and of these Canterbury and Moorefield do not measure up to Saturday requirements.

Randwick, with approximately 30 meetings a year, is being overtaxed and a return to Warwick Farm is impossible for another couple of years. A lot of money will have to be expended from time to time to keep Randwick in such a condition that it can take the work and racing allotted to it.

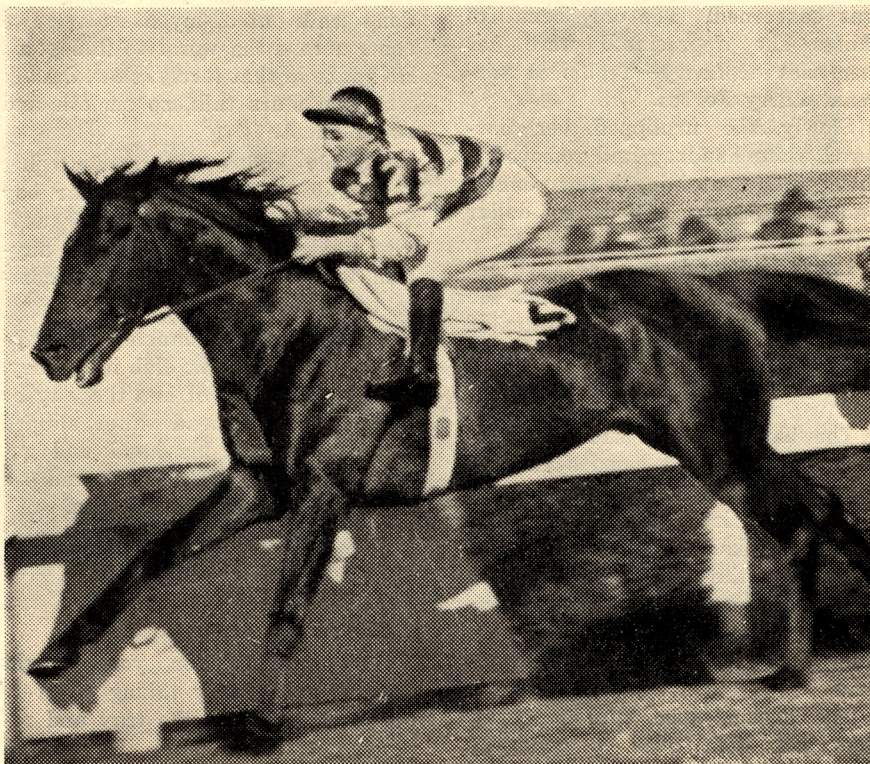
During 1947 a great deal of money was spent in various course improvements and the racing public

can look forward to the same policy being maintained in the future.

Barrier stalls are becoming general and the magic-eye camera is no longer a new toy to racegoers. Any improvements throughout the world on those matters will be adopted

wins in the Caulfield and Williams-town Cups and many keen judges are of opinion that had not rain prevented his starting in the Melbourne Cup, he would also have won that important event.

Hiraji, although his only import-



*COLUMNIST—The Horse of the Year.*

here as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made.

As far as actual racing is concerned, Columnist was the 1947 champion.

Just a little over twelve months ago this grand galloper finished second to Royal Gem in the 1946 Caulfield Cup, and, although that was a smart effort, few racegoers imagined that within the short space of a year Columnist would be the glamour horse of Australian turf.

Columnist did not attain his peak form during the 1947 Autumn meetings, but came into his own at the Spring carnivals. He won at weight-for-age in Sydney and won everything about the place when he tripped to Melbourne.

In addition to taking all the weight-for-age events in the south, with one exception, he recorded easy

ant success was in the big Flemington two-miler, pressed Columnist very close for popularity.

Mr. Hughes' gallant little horse ran in practically every big handicap in 1947 and on almost every occasion gave his supporters a great sight for their money. He was placed in the Doomben Cup, King's Cup, Caulfield Cup, Toorak and Hotham Handicaps and this all without a real spell from racing for over a year.

His Cup success, in the circumstances, was truly amazing and every true sport readily applauded the grey when he raced past the post to win Australia's No. 1 event.

All in all, 1947 was a successful and interesting year in racing, but indications point to 1948 eclipsing the previous year in every way.

Here's to the New Year.



## BLONDIE AND A TEN-DOLLAR BILL

THE thin, blonde girl walked slowly across the grass and sat down on the park bench. It was a beautiful sunny day, but that didn't mean a thing to her. The whole world was frightful as far as she was concerned. The only beautiful things she appreciated were her memories of Larry—Technical Sergeant Larry Forbes.

Slowly she unclipped her battered white handbag and removed a little purse containing a few pennies and a carefully folded ten dollar bill.

Larry had said when he gave her the note years ago: "This has the whole power of the United States of America behind it Honey. Keep it till I come back or a rainy day turns up."

The blonde smiled sadly to herself. Larry hadn't come back. The rainy day had come. Two tears made channels in the heavy rouge on her cheeks.

Quickly the girl brushed them away and automatically settled into the day dream which was the only thing that ever gave her any happiness.

The dream came without effort. She had been over it countless times.

There she was walking down Pitt Street with Maisie Wicks from the factory. She was only 17 then. And that night she was really pretty with her hair piled high and decorated with a red rose. Maisie had said when they met: "Gee, Mary, when the Yanks sight you there'll be a riot."

Of course, she and Maisie hadn't been "cruising around", but they weren't very annoyed when Larry and his boy friend fell into step on either side of them.

Larry said: "Say, angel, please don't walk out of my life after I've come across the world to find you." He spoke in that lovely, slow, drawly way film stars talk, so smooth and so confident.

Nobody had ever talked to her that way before. Her regular boy friends round St. Peters way usually said things like: "Doin' anythin' tonight, kid? What about comin' to the flicks?"

Larry suggested dancing and supper at the best night club in Sydney. She felt so proud of him the way he barged up to the head waiter, slipped some notes into his hand and got attention worthy of a king. And she had been treated like a queen.

Just imagine any of the St. Peters' boys doing anything so splendidly arrogant as that.

The flower girl came along.

"It's orchids for you tonight honey," said Larry taking a lovely purple flower from the tray and replacing it with a note. He ignored the change.

They had champagne costing £2 a bottle and oysters worth fivepence each.

Larry said: "Let's dance sweetheart, we're wasting time when you're out of my arms—and there's so little time."

What a lovely way to ask a girl

to dance! It was thrilling. And Larry danced so differently. He held you close as though you were the only girl in the whole world and pressed his brown cheek gently to yours making the night seem something like heaven.

Larry explained over the chicken that back in New York he was sort of manager of a saloon and one day would own the gol' darned place.

On the last night he gave her the ten-dollar bill. She swore through tears that she'd never ever spend it until they were together again.

Next morning Larry went away.

Then, one day, she had received a letter from one of Larry's buddies. It was short: "Larry asked me to send you the letter I enclose if anything ever happened to him. I'm sorry to have to send it now."

The girl sat up straight on the park bench. The time had come to spend the bill. She had been sick for a long time, too sick to work regularly. When the 10 dollars had been spent . . .

Larry slowly wiped the bar surface as he chatted to the veteran sipping the rye whiskey.

"Sure I was in Sydney during the war. Say was that a place to put in your furlough! Some dames! Spent one furlough with a blondie kid. Couldn't shake her off when I went back to the islands and had to get a buddy to work the dead man trick. Lemme see, what was her name again. Well, gol darn it, I can't even recall her name!"

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# IMPROVING THE THOROUGHBRED

New Zealand studmasters are equally as keen as Australian breeders on a regular infusion of new blood, a vitally necessary essential for the improvement of the thoroughbred the world over.

WITH this end in view they are always looking for highly-bred, English stallions, price no object. Since World War II. quite a number of new sires have been located both in New Zealand and Australia and this month's yearling sales at Trentham, near Wellington, were a clear indication that Dominion breeders had lost no time in securing some of the best British blood lines.

Altogether, progeny of 71 sires figured in New Zealand's yearling catalogue which shows the strength of thoroughbred breeding in that country. It has to be remembered that the famous Phar Lap is a product of New Zealand and he cost the bargain price of 170 gns. Hiraji and Fresh Boy, winner and runner-up in last Melbourne Cup, were New Zealand bred.

Among imported sires represented for the first time was Lord Bobs, a son of Nearco, this season's leading sire in England and a commanding individual. Lord Bobs was a winner at Newmarket. He is a brother of the brilliant Lady Sybil, leading English two-year-old in 1942.

Lord Bobs is closely related to the premier New Zealand sire, Foxbridge (imp.), and several of his get were submitted by Ken Austin, well known in Sydney. Lord Bobs' dam, Sister Sarah, was got by Abbot's Trace from Sarita by Swynford. Nearco was unbeaten as a racehorse, winning 14 races, including the Italian Derby and various events of importance in that country.

Bahershah (imp.) was also represented for the first time at the N.Z. sales. He is one of the few sons of Bahram located south of the line. His dam, Taj Shirin, is by Gainsborough from Taj Mahal, by The Tetrarch. This line combines staying power and sprinting.

Cimbrone is another son of Nearco now in the Dominion. His yearlings were also offered for the first time. Orta, his dam, is by Solario. Mario (imp.) is yet another son of Solario, who is expected to make



*Mrs. Chas. S. Howard, of U.S.A., tempts her husband's new imported stallion AJAX with a lump of sugar. The horse will stand at San Francisco next spring at a 2,500 dol. fee.*

a name for himself in the Dominion. His first progeny were keenly sought.

Other importations who figured in New Zealand's catalogue for the first time included Paper Boy (by Colorado Kid); Pictavia (yet another Nearco); Ruthless (by Hyperion); Treasure Hunt (by Bahram); Touchwood (by Tout Change); and Phero-zshah (by Pharos).

It is Phero-zshah, a half-brother to Mahmond (America's leading sire and winner of the English Derby in record time), who is expected to hit the headlines. New Zealanders didn't like losing Nizami, but they expect this grey stallion to take Nizami's place.

Phero-zshah is sire of Bahadur Shah, who won five races in succession in England as a 2-yr.-old. He is by Pharos from Mah Mahal by Gainsborough from Mumtaz Mahal (fastest filly in turf history) by The Tetrarch from Lady Josephine.

Phero-zshah started twice as a 2-yr.-old, but didn't win. He opened his account at three years, winning in the best company at six furlongs, but owing to a mishap was shortly afterwards retired to the stud in England. He sired half a dozen winners in the 1945 season and 11 in 1946. For the first six months of 1947 his progeny had won seven events.

THERE is a textile mill in Pennsylvania in which:

Sorting is done by an American  
Carding is done by an Italian  
Spinning is done by a Swede  
Drawing is done by a Scot  
Weaving is done by a Belgian  
Inspection is done by a Frenchman  
Scouring is done by an Albanian  
Dying is done by a Turk  
Pressing is done by a Pole  
Supervision is done by an Irishman  
And what do they make? American Flags!—"Quote," U.S.A.



# AIR TRAVEL OF THIS AGE

Flight refuelling may give British air lines their big chance. After taking part in a test flight, "News Chronicle" Air Correspondent Ronald Walker cabled this report.

**B**ELOW the hotel terrace the huddled white roofs of the little town of Saint Georges glare painfully in the hot sun.

Beyond lies the water of the harbour, and on the far side a huge limestone scar marks Kindley Field, the great air base built by the Americans during the war.

It is perhaps appropriate that the bare expanse of the aerodrome mars this scene of otherwise untroubled beauty, for here is a sector of the background to the great international battle being fought to gain command of the commercial air.

Back in 1939 European nations on the eastern side of the Atlantic and the United States in the West had realised the prime importance of the aeroplane.

The war interrupted the international struggle to prevent Britain

gaining command of the world's commercial air routes. The battle is now on again, but the contestants have changed in character and strength.

There is a new development in the battle, in the series of non-stop trial flights being made over the 3,850-mile route between London and Bermuda to test the system of refuelling long-range commercial aircraft while in flight, enabling them to fly thousands of miles without having to land at intermediate points to refuel.

## What is Flight Refuelling?

These trials are being watched with interest. If they are successful it is possible that British passenger and freight aeroplanes, which suffered from lack of development during the war years, may be improved, and British commercial air operations be given a new lead.

Sir Alan Cobham, one of the pioneers of British aviation, began experimenting with piping petrol from one aeroplane to another while in flight back in 1932. From that moment he talked at, argued with and bullied anyone who happened to be around.

By 1937 Cobham's arguments were yielding results. Trials were made in refuelling one of the famous Empire flying-boats.

Two years later Flight Refuelling Limited, Cobham's company, was engaged to refuel Imperial Airways flying-boats, which were to operate between Southampton and New York, via Foynes, Botwood and Montreal.

During the war both Britain and the United States adopted the system for increasing the range of heavy bombers. Experiments have now been restarted for civil purposes.

The present trials are being carried out by British South American Airways for the Ministry of Civil Aviation.

## How is it Done ?

At a predetermined point on the route the air liner is met by a tanker aeroplane. The air liner

trails a hauling line from its tail. The tanker shoots another line across and grapples it, pulling the line in to attach it to a hose. The hose is reeled out. The air liner hauls it in and the nozzle is locked to the receiving point.

The two machines then fly in close formation, the tanker above the air liner, while the fuel flows down the hose into the air liner's tanks.

It is claimed that the interception of the air liner by the tanker is certain and that the fuelling system is safe. There has been no accident in fifteen years of trial operations.

## What are the Advantages?

To make a long flight an air liner must carry a huge load of petrol. Under ordinary circumstances the paying load of passengers, mail and freight is limited by the amount of fuel load.

If the air liner is refuelled in mid-air en route, it can carry a full paying load and, at the same time, avoid the hazards of taking off loaded to the maximum weight.

With characteristic enthusiasm Sir Alan Cobham claims that flight refuelling can achieve the impossible. British commercial aviation could do with a miracle.

More cautious observers are waiting to see what happens. It is pointed out that the ordinary load of a York liner between the Azores and Bermuda is six passengers on the way out and fifteen on the return journey. The difference is due to the prevailing west and east winds.

If a York is flight refuelled the full load of twenty-one passengers can be carried both ways. A Tudor II, flying from London to Gander, stopping to refuel at Rieanna, could carry only eight passengers. The load would be thirty-nine if the air liner was flight refuelled.

Having made one of these trial flights between London and Bermuda and seen the slickness with which

(Continued next Page.)

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## THE ENGLISH TOUCH

**G**RAND NATIONAL horses were backed to win nearly a quarter of a million pounds when the card on the big Liverpool steeple chase was called over at the Victoria Club, London. Prince Regent, favourite at 100 to 12, was heavily backed at 17 to 2 to win £18,000, and Bricett, now back to 25 to 1 from the 33 to 1 offered earlier, was supported to win £20,000, as also was Lovely Cottage at 33 to 1.

Revelry, second favourite at 18 to 1, was backed at win £14,000, and Housewarmer, at 35 to 1, was supported to win £17,000. The other well backed candidates were Bullington £15,000, Lough Conn and Jack Finlay £14,000, Kami and Soda II £13,000, Halcyon Hours £11,000, Musical Lad and Some Chicken £10,000, Luan Casca, Domino and Black Jennifer £7,000, Clyduffe £5,000, Silver Fame £5,000, Gormans-town and Parthenon £4,000.

the refuelling operation can be carried out, while flying on course at 10,000ft., I cannot help being impressed.

The system may be of great value to the mail and freight aeroplane, but there has yet to be studied the effect upon the passenger. In their publicity, Flight Refuelling Ltd. remark blithely that "passengers are quite unaware that refuelling is taking place."

It does not seem likely that the process of taking the pipe-line aboard and having a very large aeroplane flying just overhead for a quarter of an hour would go absolutely unnoticed. The possibility that it would be noticed must be considered.

What then? Will the passenger be frightened or excited by the spectacle of this close quarters manoeuvring or just intensely interested?

Much of the future success of flight refuelling depends upon the answer to that question.

**T**HE Czechs say of the Prague City Hall, occupied by Germans, "Only two hands there don't steal." They mean the hands of the City Hall clock.—"The New York Times Magazine."

## VERY CLOSE TO A K.O. HARE RACING NOW PROSPERS

**Tin hare racing has attained its majority in sport. It started at Belle Vue, Manchester (Eng.) on July 24, 1926. It was close to a K.O. in round one.**

**N**OW the sport has grown to such dimensions that it has become a factor of an international trade agreement with Eire, which supplies most of our greyhounds.

When only 1,700 people attended the first meeting at Belle Vue, the big gamble almost failed. But the late Mr. O. A. Critchley, the general's father, carried on and at the end of the first season was commanding a 20,000 gate.

Tracks sprang up all over the country, Harringay, one of the first to be built in London, was an adventure.

The G.R.A. bought a site in Green Lanes and spent £80,000 equipping it as an arena. The track to-day draws an average attendance of 35,000 people a meeting.

Before the Government put the ban on midweek racing each track

was allowed 108 meetings a year, and it was estimated that 50,000,000 people passed through the turnstiles in one season.

No greyhound store is complete without a mention of Mick the Miller, the greatest of all greyhounds. During his racing years of 1928-31 he won nearly £10,000 in stakes and set up many records.

At the first meeting at Wembley a dog called Palatinus caught the hare, much to the amusement of the spectators. Palatinus at that time was unbeatable, and in 1929 came in first in the Derby. Owing to interference, however, the race was re-run and Mick the Miller recorded his first classic success.

**N**O one, I'd like to wager, has crocheted a doily since the last war.—Victoria Chappelle, in "The Daily Mail," London.

**S**TAN COWARD'S racing successes with Venetian Lady and Cid were more spectacular than those of his brother, Les; but Les has a record in ownership equalled by few—12 wins in a row with the one horse at country meetings.

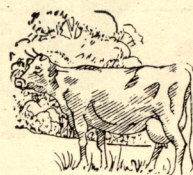
\* \* \*

**O**DDLY enough, no one seemed to have thought of this one to describe the Louis-Walcott bout: A has-been beat a no-hoper.

\* \* \*

**R**AIN interfered with the plan of Victoria Park Bowling Club to have the Indian cricketers try their luck at the ancient game. On Victoria Park's greens, Don Bradman, Walter and Horace Lindrum were first introduced to bowls. Such was their aptitude, that, after the first 15 minutes' tuition, they were playing better bowls than some of the regulars.

Bradman was shown how to hold a bowl by R. T. Harrison, probably the greatest player Australia has produced, according to one who should know. Don found that his fingers were too short and designed his own grip, with satisfactory results.



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# THE FORTUNES OF LOVE —AND WAR

(By Ivy Ivories)

"WOMEN are mighty good recruiters," Sergeant Bingle was addressing the crowd. Lottie Greer, passing, paused and chuckled. She had got three volunteers; but her method would scarcely have appealed even to the stern soldier heart of Sergeant Bingle.

Lottie was in her twenty-ninth year. Her physical appeal to the gilded youth of the city was waning. Yet she retained attractions sufficient to inveigle the less sophisticated males of Milparoo.

Lottie was Milparoo born and bred, but very much Sydney by desire. When all her attempts to reach the city were frustrated, she married a man of Milparoo in des-

peration. She might have been there to-day, instead of making eyes across a Sydney bar, had not Ciro's circus, with its lion-tamer, come to Milparoo.

When the circus moved on, a manager was minus his lion-tamer, and a husband his wife.

So Lottie, having experienced the pang of Gypsy-love, was now quaffing the drugs of despair in a downtown Sydney hotel; flirting promiscuously to forget the passion she had mistaken for love.

Trenton and Maxwell lived bachelor lives on neighboring selections in Milparoo. Marriage had not entered the head of either until the reappearance of Lottie. Peggie, a Sydney friend who had taken a position in the bar of the Milparoo hotel, had informed Lottie of the disappearance of her legal husband.

"Come up, kid," wrote Peggie, "there's plenty doing . . . two guys in particular."

They happened to be Trenton and Maxwell.

"They're not too easy," Peggie informed Lottie on her arrival.

"I like 'em that way," Lottie answered.

They proved easy to Lottie. Her appeal to men was instant and irresistible.

## Was Her Choice.

Trenton was her choice, but she could not withstand the temptation of playing the one against the other. It's a sex failing, of course, she didn't mean that the consequences should be tragic. The Lotties of life seldom do. Still, her conduct sundered a lifelong friendship.

Sick at heart at the loss of both a false lover and a true friend, Maxwell sold up his selection and enlisted. But, before going, he visited Lottie and craved a kiss.

"There," she said, pecking him on the cheek, "a kiss of remem-

brance." But Lottie didn't marry Trenton. She changed her mind. She gave him back his love, without his ring. The lure of the city had claimed her again. "There's something more in life than cows and pigs," she said.

After she had gone, Trenton craved for the company of Maxwell. Trenton rushed to Sydney in the hope of going to the front with his old friend. But Maxwell had sailed a week previously.

"Why not meet him in Palestine?" the recruiting sergeant suggested.

Trenton was in that confused state of mind when definite decision is impossible. He hung about Sydney



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for a week, then determined to enlist in Melbourne.

He had the Sydney address of Lottie.

She had returned to her downtown pubbery. When he called to say good-bye she held out a limp hand and muttered: "So long. If you meet Max over there give the dear boy my love . . . and write to me, won't you?"

Trenton was shocked by her callousness.

"I'm not likely to see him," he rejoined. "Even should I meet him by chance, your name won't be mentioned."

Lottie giggled at the man's despair.

"Anyhow, I got two volunteers," she shouted after him.

On the voyage across, Trenton's heart was heavy with sorrow—not so much because of having left Lottie, but because of having allowed her to sunder his friendship with Maxwell.

Maxwell, in Libya, thought only of Lottie. Even the adventure of battle had failed to stifle his overpowering love for her. Many times he had thought of writing. "But," he soliloquised, "she doesn't want me. Anyhow, she's Mrs. Trenton by now."

\* \* \*

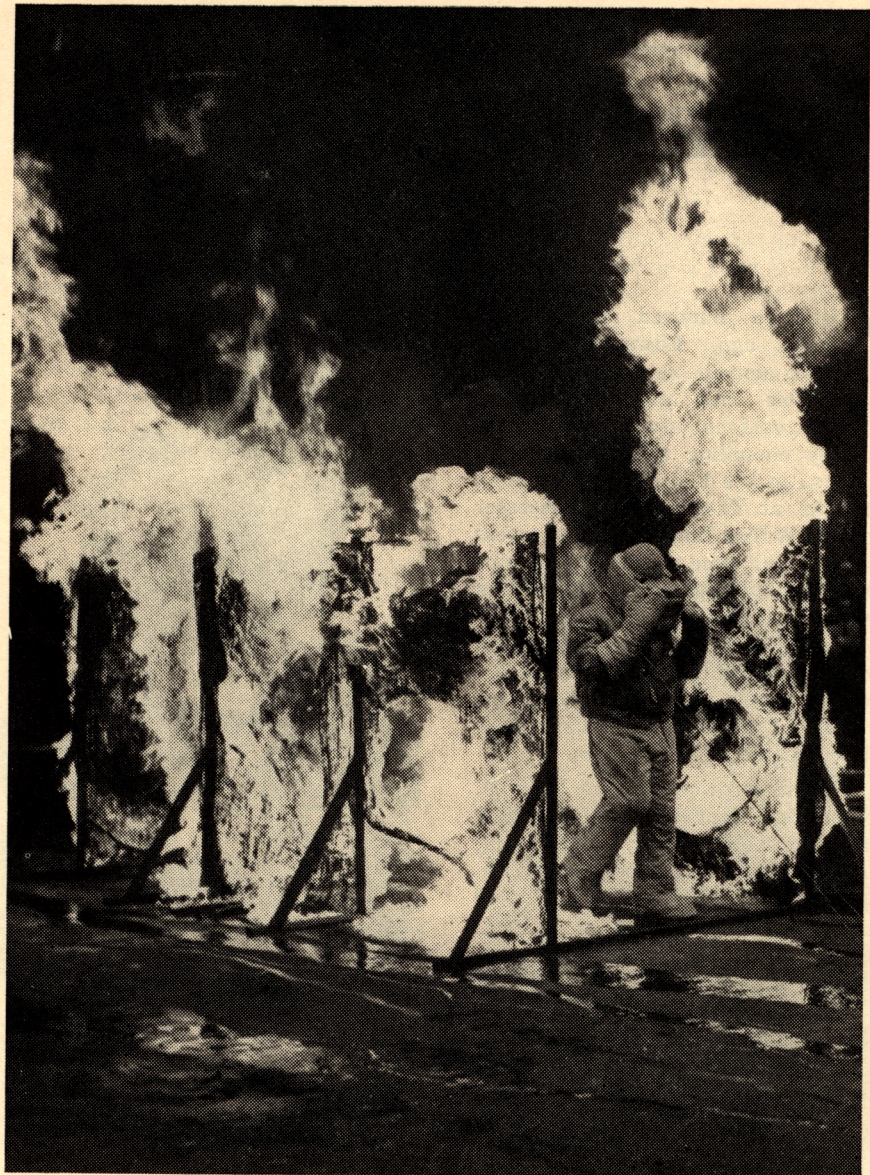
**T**HE New South Welshmen had been hard pressed all that day. They had held the enemy, and were preparing an advance, Maxwell among them.

Toward evening the Victorians were rushed up. Trenton saw a man carrying with difficulty a wounded comrade to shelter. Suddenly a shell burst in the vicinity and both men fell.

Then it was that Trenton recognised Maxwell as the bearer of the other man. Trenton rushed to their aid. "Great heavens!" cried Maxwell; then added in the casual Aussie way: "Gimme a hand with this poor cow . . . a splinter from that shell got him in the thigh."

So the two friends, re-united, carried the man into a shell hole near by. Trenton turned to go. Maxwell spoke. "How'd you leave Lottie?" he asked.

"Well," answered Trenton nonchalantly, "we didn't get spliced after all . . . she turned me down."



*Sydney Fire-fighters recently gave a demonstration in Martin Place of how latest equipment enables them to enter burning buildings in the cause of saving life and property.—"Daily Telegraph" photo.*

Maxwell took a faded photograph from the pocket of his tunic.

"D'you recognise the girl?" he asked.

"It's Lottie, of course; Lottie Greer," Trenton answered quietly.

"What's that?" exclaimed the Digger they had carried in and believed dying. "What's that? Lottie Greer? Show me the photo?"

Maxwell handed it over.

"Heavens!" gasped the wounded Digger. "Did you blokes know her?"

"Reckon we did," put in Maxwell.

"And she turned you both down, ed?" the Digger went on. "Well, she did the same to me, only I happened to have been her husband. She took up with a lion-tamer who came with a circus from Sydney to Milparoo.

"All I know is that she and the tamer disappeared. Then, fed up, I enlisted. You blokes don't know what you missed."

"This'll do me," said Maxwell, crouching to avoid the shells.

"So she got three volunteers," muttered Trenton as he dived again into the attack.



# LET US TO BILLIARDS

By George Mell

(Condensed from "Everybody's Weekly," London.)

ABOUT a hundred and twenty years ago, Edward Kenfield, playing under feeble light on a billiard table with an oak bed and stuffed cushions, staggered spectators by compiling a break of fifty, the first in the history of the game. In 1932 at Thurston's in Leicester Square, Walter Lindrum, the greatest player of all time, with table, equipment and lighting as near perfect as human skill could make them, made the world's record break of 4,137. Today each leading professional has several breaks of a thousand to his credit, yet much bigger breaks were made years ago.

Billiards prowess, as we know it, began with Kentfield, but the game was born much earlier. It was not, however, known in Cleopatra's day, in spite of Shakespeare's mention of



*John Roberts, father of modern billiards, who played the first big match in Australian history. Fred Lindrum, Senr., was his opponent, the year 1865, and the venue Adelaide. Lindrum (grandfather of Walter) won.*

of France became a billiards enthusiast when his physician advised him to "take up billiards or die". Napoleon, too, must have liked billiards, for he asked for a table to enliven his detention on St. Helena.

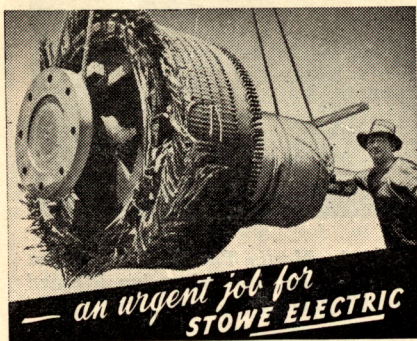
Late in the eighteenth century the red ball was introduced, and a new shot, the "carambole" or "cannon" in which a player had to hit the red ball with his own ball and then on to his opponent's, became possible. Even with this new aid to scoring, games were still only twelve up. But, within thirty or forty years, sweeping changes and improvements altered the game out of all recognition. The hoop vanished, West of England cloth, straight cues, rubber cushions and slate beds were innovations that followed each other quickly. Standard tables were made twelve feet long and six feet broad, and had six pockets. A "baulk line" was drawn and the "D", a half circle on the lower side of this line, was introduced. The method of scoring was also changed, and is still in use today.

John Bartley, of Bath, is said to have contributed the major discovery of "screw", whereby a ball hit smartly below its halfway line is given a reverse motion which causes it to return over part of its course on hitting another ball. His marker, Jack Carr, was quick to profit by his master's stroke, and attributed it to the chalk Bartley used on his cue tip. He sold such quantities of "twisting chalk", as he called it, that he was able to drink himself to death.

First of the new players to attract attention and retain public interest was John Roberts, senior, who made a break of 133 in the 'sixties. For twenty-one years he was unchallenged champion until, in the first billiards championship match ever played, he was defeated by W. Cook, senior, then only twenty-one years

it in "Antony and Cleopatra." When Egypt's queen says, "Let us to billiards; come Charmian," the playwright only proves his acquaintance with the pastime, which began in England about 1550. In those days billiards looked more like a table version of croquet, for it was played on a wooden surface, two balls only were used, and the idea was to propel them through a hoop into one of the pockets. The cues were long, curved sticks, rather like golf clubs, and the balls were pushed, not struck, with the broad end. To prevent the balls falling off, "bandes" were erected round the table. No one knows just what they were, but very likely they had a facing of flannel or some soft material which caused the balls to rebound slightly.

Billiards became popular with royalty, and as early as 1576 Mary Queen of Scots pleaded that her imprisonment would be less tedious if her table were restored to her. James I ordered a walnut table measuring twelve feet by four, while Louis XIV



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old, in 1870. Three years later Cook made history with a break of 936, which included a run of 262 consecutive "pot-reds" from the spot. The feat revealed that the secret of billiards supremacy lay not only in all round ability, but in the perfect mastery of some profitable stroke. The "spot-stroke", as it was called, because the red was set on the spot each time it was potted, offered almost unlimited scoring possibilities and before the number of "spots" was restricted to two, W. J. Peall had, in 1890, broken all records with a break of 3,304, of which 3,183 came from the now forbidden stroke.

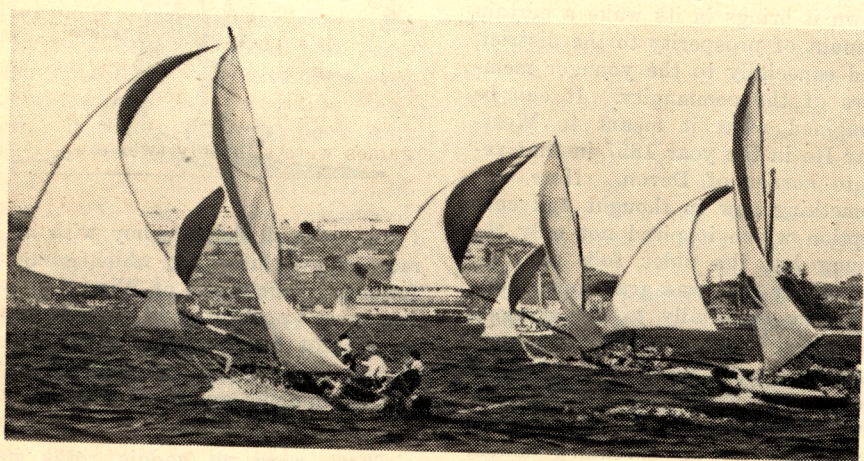
Meanwhile, John Roberts, junior,

Tom Reece announced his intention of making a break of half a million by this means in a month. He actually amassed 499,135 before abandoning his quest, which the Billiards Association and Control Council refused to officialise.

A more all-round type of play from such players as Inman, Newman, Willie Smith and Davis revived big-break possibilities when composition balls finally superseded ivories, which were not too reliable for professional play. Incidentally, only five ivory balls could be made from one tusk, and at least twelve thousand elephants and an unknown number of hunters lost their lives

The red is not replaced, but the coloured balls must return to their original spots. When all reds have disappeared into pockets, the colours must be potted in numerical order, beginning with the yellow, the lowest ball.

Davis is rarely beaten at snooker, even when giving a start, and he frequently beats his own records. Today, his highest break is 138. The highest possible is 147, made by potting all the reds, potting the black after each red, and then potting every colour. Davis has said that he estimates a century break at snooker is worth a thousand break at billiards.



*A typical week-end scene on Sydney Harbour with the famous 18 footers running before the breeze. Amateur sailors are famed both for their daring and skill. It usually starts as depicted in picture on the right.*

son of the first champion, had entered the arena and proceeded to dominate the game. He delighted in ignoring the obvious stroke and bringing off a masterly cannon off several cushions. The history of the game is bound up with him, as he lived to be seventy-two, played almost to the end and used or witnessed most of the freak shots in which the game abounds.

After the spot-stroke came the "cradle" or "anchor" cannons by which, in 1907, W. Cook compiled 42,746 in one break. In this shot Cook engineered the red and opponent's ball so that they were jammed in the jaws of a top pocket, and proceeded to score cannons by feathery contacts from his own ball without moving those jammed. But even Cook's astonishing total was beaten soundly. In the same year

each year to provide the British public with ivory billiard balls.

Thousand breaks eventually became almost commonplace, but play became duller and crowds dwindled. Then Snooker, a much more spectacular game in the hands of such exponents as Joe Davis, achieved remarkable popularity.

Snooker is played with one white ball, used alternately by each of the several players who can oppose each other, fifteen reds, and six others coloured yellow, green, brown, blue, pink and black. The reds are placed in the form of a triangle with its upper side parallel to the top cushion, and the other coloured balls occupy specified places. The game is for players to pot a red, giving them the right to pot any colour whose values range from two to seven in the order already given.



### This From Khartoum.

**I**N the presence of several thousand people, and with women wailing and camels being slaughtered to feed the poor, the tomb of Mahdi—who led the Sudanese revolt in 1882—was opened and rededicated at Omdurman.

The Mahdi's son, Sir Sayed Abdel Rahman el Mahdi, who reopened the tomb, afterwards married by proxy Eshak Mohamed Khalifa Sherif, an Oxford undergraduate, to one of his daughters.

The bridegroom is the grandson of one of the Khalifas appointed by the dervish leader to govern the Sudan after his death.

**I** ALWAYS think of archaeology . . . as a typical English occupation.—C. E. Vullamy in "The Spectator," London.



# GOLF—By J. H. TAYLOR

Condensed from "Golf: My Life's Work" (Cape, London)

John Henry Taylor, famous professional at the Mid-Surrey Golf Club, Richmond, since 1899, became Open Champion in 1894 at the age of twenty-three. In all he won five "Opens," and was the first Englishman to break the long chain of victorious Scots.

I WAS born at Northam, North Devon, on the 19th day of March, 1871, the second son of Joshua Taylor of that village. My mother was Susannah Heard, of Barnstaple, so I come of pure Devon stock. My father was a big, muscular and bearded man who could, and did, employ his hands and strength with vigour on any job that wanted doing, whether it was quarrying stone or digging wells or the many ordinary labouring jobs that came his way. He was no shirker, and pride in a day's work worthily done gave him full and complete satisfaction. We lived in a cottage, rent 2/6 a week, hard by the Square at Northam and near the Church and Clock Tower. Clock we had not, so the

time of rising was a matter of guess-work. In his eagerness to be on time my father, during the night, would occasionally slip on his trousers, pad across the Square, look up at the clock and return to bed until the time came for the final rising.

Whenever a golf course is laid down it brings in its wake a certain amount of prosperity to the district, and especially to the younger members of the community. It can be imagined what it meant to Westward Ho in the year 1857 in that remote corner of Devon. Here was something new in thought and conception which inspired not only the young but the older folk as well, something that was gratuitous, adding very materially to the struggle for a livelihood that ordinary agricultural work could not furnish. Here was something beyond the ambition of driving a straight furrow, scaring birds or spreading muck, that gave the opportunity of earning occasionally some easy money and additional recreation. In short, the coming of golf changed the outlook for the very poor, and in the early Victorian years how badly this was needed!

It will be seen that golf was established at Westward Ho as a flourishing local amenity some years before I was born, so it is true to say that I grew up surrounded by its healthy atmosphere. As soon as I became aware of anything, golf had entered into my life. At school I became dimly conscious that some of the older boys were known as "half-timers" and allowed the afternoon off to carry clubs if a job could be found. I envied the privilege, hoping in a year or so to join the ranks of the more fortunate, but, at the moment, had to be content with Saturdays and holidays, of which I made full use. Every hour of my spare time I scurried to the links in the hope that some accommodating golfer would take me on.



I was a small delicate boy with almost snow-white hair, which gained for me the nickname of Wig. I was not very pushful and hated the thought of being clamorous and insistent, with the result that others less scrupulous got the jobs, to my intense mortification.

There were no caddie rotas in those days. Each had to get his job by quickness of running, and I was no sprinter. Hanging round the little tin hut that served as a club house, we would espy a golfer and away the whole herd would scamper, and the first boy to get there secured the post. Many a time I joined in the race, my thin legs working like a semaphore and infantile feet bouncing off the ground like hail off a tin roof, my heart palpitating ready to burst, only to see a speedier companion get home first. It was my earliest experience of realising that the poet was wrong when he declared that "the race is not always to the swift."

However, sooner or later, I was bound to get my first cadie job, and late one Saturday afternoon it occurred. I caught a real Tartar. Major Hopkins was a delightful Irishman whose genial qualities were overshadowed by extreme irascibility, particularly when playing; and I now suspect that I got the job because this weakness was well known



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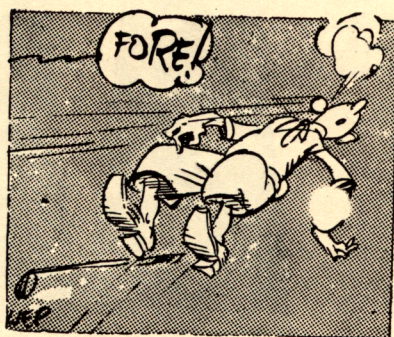
to the rest of the caddies. While the major was putting, one scarcely dared to breathe lest the delicate operation of inserting the ball into the hole should be jeopardised. He was the author of that perhaps excusable remark which has become classic: "How the hell can you putt when your bloody boy is sniffing his nose off behind you?"

I plodded along at school, with, I think, a genuine interest in the subjects taught and made decent progress. It is a source of satisfaction to remember that I never failed in any examination, and year by year advanced to a higher class. Before I was eleven I had passed the sixth standard which meant that I was free to leave school for ever. My life as a regular caddie now commenced, but my early mornings were occupied in a less precarious manner. Boot boy (cleaning boots and knives, chopping sticks and filling and carting indoors scuttles of coal) was one of the recognised sources for supplementing incomes. The pay, two shillings and sixpence per week, with breakfast, was the standard emolument, and I must have had a dozen jobs of this sort to employ my time two hours or so every morning from 7.30 to 9.30, Sundays excepted. The rest of the day was spent on the links where I made a little niche for myself among the other hooligans.

From the first I found that the game was easy. Watching carefully the better players, I tried to embody in my attempts to play it the better points of each, but later discovered that I had evolved a style entirely my own. My rather cramped and rigid swing I attributed to my desire to cheat the wind which blows with varying intensity most days at Westward Ho. Even to this day I try to improve its ugliness by introducing some sort of embellishment either in the back swing or forward lift of the club, but years of experiment have convinced me that a golf swing learned in early days remains static and incapable of alteration. A golf swing is formed by one's inherent ideas of how the game should be played. It is fundamental to one, and in later years, when I became an instructor, I soon learned that any attempt to thwart this basic principle only leads to stagnation and disappointment.

One of the many advantages that a front-rank golf professional enjoys during his career is the privilege of travelling up and down the land, visiting the innumerable courses dotted over it, a privilege moreover for which he is paid. One of my oldest friends is Mr. Bernard Darwin. He is an encyclopedia of golfing knowledge. If I wanted to know how I played, what heights I may have attained, or failed to scale, I awaited the next day's account in "The Times" by its special correspondent. With what was therein written I was content, for here was the truth of things. I want nothing more than to be remembered by posterity, in the words of Bernard Darwin.

Mention of "The Times" reminds me that I knew Lord Northcliffe in a distant and reserved manner. On one occasion only had I the satisfaction of having a real conversation with him. I was staying at Broadstairs and with my host was invited to lunch at Lord Northcliffe's cottage, which struck me as a habitation that justified a less homely designation. Among the guests were



Mr. Wickham Steed and another gentleman whose name I have forgotten, but I do remember that the lunch was a particularly good one. Mr. Wickham Steed has a world reputation as a forcible speaker and writer on international affairs, and it came as a surprise to me to find that it was Lord Northcliffe who monopolised the conversation. He questioned me on every aspect of the game, showed interest in the professional's life and prospects, and expressed the wish to see the playing of the game made available to all. I stored the last observation in my mind for future use. Lord Northcliffe was a lonely golfer, seldom playing with anyone, but con-

tenting himself with enjoying the game accompanied by a caddie and Sandy Thompson. Sandy, a native of North Berwick, was his private professional and, it was rumoured, ruled his master with an inflexible will. It was Sandy who decided when to start and when to stop, which holes were to be played, and generally acted as a ruthless dictator.

The day following the lunch our party came across the zealous pair plodding up and down the eleventh fairway at Prince's. The eighth hole at Prince's is blind from the tee and the second shot for a good player is also a blind one. I had just succeeded in doing it in three by laying my second shot dead, a piece of information imparted to Lord Northcliffe by my host. As we moved along North Northcliffe in a tone of mock humility said: "I once did it in a stroke more and I desire no better epitaph than it should record, 'He once did the eight hole at Prince's in four'." Our brief acquaintance did not lead me to think that I would be in touch with him again, but in this I was mistaken. During his last world tour I was more agreeably surprised to receive from Lord Northcliffe a couple of postcards: one from Hamilton, New Zealand, a photograph of the Hamilton Golf Course which he described as the best in the country and said some of the holes were named after Vardon, Braid, Duncan, and myself, and Sandwich, a bit of information of which I was unaware. The other was a picture of a street in Hong Kong, conveying his best wishes. It pleases me to think that such thoughtfulness was characteristic of a man whose activities were centred in other and more important matters, and far away from home, yet had the inclination to remember one whom he had met in so casual a manner. It was a friendly act which impressed me deeply.

**ANNOUNCERS'** Spoonerisms Department: Overseas announcer heard to say, "Hoventry Kipperdrome Orchestra."

Another announcer's fear in life is talking about Delius' "On Cooking the First Hero in Spring." He hasn't said it—yet—Spike Hughes in "The Daily Herald," London.



# ROUNDABOUT *of* SPORT

PLANS are afoot to invite a team representative of the Leagues of Lancashire, and another from the Yorkshire Cricket Federation, to play M.C.C. at Lord's later this season.

The idea—an excellent one—is part of M.C.C.'s effort to encourage new talent.

\* \* \*

GEORGE TRIBE, Australian spin bowler, now professional with Milnrow in the Central Lancashire League, is proving a devastating bowler and has ambitions to qualify for Lancashire.

If he gets the chance he would be following in the footsteps of A. Kermode, L. O. Poidevin and E. A. Macdonald.

Latest private advices are to effect that Tribe has been appointed official coach at Old Trafford and his qualifying for Lancashire County is merely a matter of time. It will be automatic.

ASCOT'S Royal Hunt Cup (Eng.) first run in 1843 and won by a five-year-old, Knight of Whistle, carrying 8st. 8lb., has been a notoriously bad race for first favourites.

Only two—and they were co-favourites—have won since 1918, Grand Salute (1931) and Irish Elegance (1919), and what is more, only five other first market choices during this period have managed to reach the first three.

Priok (66-1) and Caymanas, Dinkie and Illuminator, each 50-1, were some outsiders to score.

No horse has won carrying over 9st. since the great Irish Elegance shouldered 9st. 11lb. in 1919 and only Crossbow (9st.) has been successful with over 8st. 13lb. during that period.

\* \* \*

CLARK McCONACHY, the New Zealand billiards and snooker professional, opening his series of exhibition games in Leeds and dis-

trict at the Victoria Club, beat D. Green, winner of the club handicap (who received 250 points start) by 400-320. McConachy had breaks of 147 and 93 unfinished.

At Cross Gates Recreation Hall, the New Zealander made breaks of 164, 153, 114 and 106, and 46 at snooker.

McConachy gave exhibition games at the Ministry of Pensions Hospital, Chapel-Alerton.

\* \* \*

JOE DAVIS, in one of his recent games, had made a break of 597, and had failed at an easy pot. On taking his seat, a friend said to him: "I am surprised at you missing that one, Joe. I could have got it myself!"

"No doubt," replied Davis. "But could you have got the other 597?"

\* \* \*

LONDON sports writer credited Walter Lindrum with being the



WIND, sun and strain leave the eyes very sore and bloodshot after an afternoon at the course or links. Just put two drops of Murine in each eye and get quick relief. Murine's seven special ingredients wash away irritation . . . your eyes feel and look refreshed and soothed. Next time you're at the Club Barber Shop ask for a free trial treatment of Murine. . . . Then you're sure to want to buy a bottle from the 1st Floor Store or any chemist—price 3/-.



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THERE'S NOTHING ARTIFICIAL ABOUT  
**Klippert Ties**  
PURE SILK OR PURE WOOL



inventor of the billiards googly in these terms:—

"The shot was unprecedentedly brought off against Davis. Three balls covered one another, almost touching, well out from the cushion, making an angle with the white on either side of the red, which was the apex. Lindrum's shot was a masse with reverse spin. His ball touched the red, came away, and curled outside it on the object white. It was a miraculous shot, yet taken in his stride."

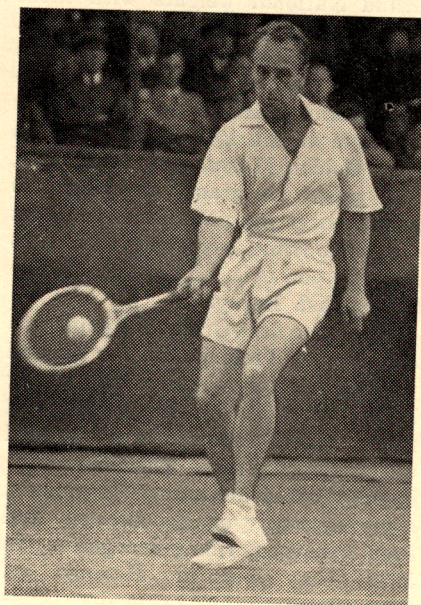
\* \* \*

THE quality of the Wallabies was well and truly summed up by J. W. Breckenridge, a Waratah, and the present chairman of the N.S.W. Rugby Union management committee: "The magnificent performances of the Wallabies in Britain have proved that Australian Rugby Union is world standard. When the team left Australia few people gave them much chance of success. The Wallabies' performances have surpassed that of any other Australian football team, in any code, that has toured Great Britain. The Wallabies' 11-nil win over England proved their real greatness."

\* \* \*

IT is well known that Napoleon was not very good at chess, and, though he cheated, particularly by distracting his opponent's attention

and sneaking bishops back among the pieces in his corners of the board, he did not display the pre-eminence which was his on the battlefield. But I hope this will not discourage chess masters from writing best-sellers on how to win the



*Club member Adrian Quist has returned to the top of his pre-war form and is freely tipped as manager of the 1948 Australian Davis Cup team if this nation challenges.*

war and the peace. No body of intellectual men get smaller flesh-pots from the modern world, or leave smaller estates; yet I think the world in general believes more in their brains than in the brains of bridge-players, who are respected rather for their nerves and intuitions—D. W. in "The Tablet."

\* \* \*

STORY from London of a Bridge deal in a million: A complete suit was dealt to each player in the 'Carlton Hotel. The dealer was Mr. George du Cros, and the other players were Sir Charles Sykes, Mr. A. G. Rossiter and Sir Charles Mandleberg. Mr. du Cros, being the caller,

found himself with thirteen diamonds and laid down his hand, saying: "What can you do against this?" Sir Charles Sykes, who was holding spades, said: "Keep up your cards," whereupon the others laid down their hands, which resulted in Sir Charles Sykes being assured of seven tricks in spades, which is unbeatable.

\* \* \*

TRAVELLER, returned from Germany, said that nothing remained of the great marshalling yards of Ham, which Hitler had created as part of his gigantic railways scheme. Ham was bombed constantly by the R.A.F. from the first year of the war. This verse appeared in an English newspaper at the time:

*A young Air Force pilot said "Dam!"  
Today I'm assigned to bomb Ham.  
But it's quite on the cards  
That the marshalling yards  
Won't be at Ham when I am.*

\* \* \*

GOLF is a game in which a ball, one and a half inches in diameter, is placed on a ball 8,000 miles in diameter. The object is to hit the small ball, but not the large one.—"The Shell Magazine," London.

\* \* \*

DIXON WECTER, learned American, who occupied for a time the Chair of the American History at Sydney University, wrote on his return to the U.S.: The average "Aussie", given to belittlement and sardonic humour, is a born debunker, blunt in speech, allergic to high-brows as well as quacks, sentimentalists and loudspeakers. Of poets and romancers and heroes his race has produced a negligible quantity, but of realistic novelists, satiric painters, and caricaturists a notable crop.

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# English Grand National Has History

**T**ODAY, in the picturesque little village of Aintree, outside of Liverpool, Eng., will be run the greatest and most dangerous horse race in the world. It is estimated that at least 500,000 spectators will see this most colourful of all turf events, the Grand National Steeplechase. Originating exactly 100 years ago in 1839, this gruelling test of courage and expert horsemanship has attracted 2,400 entries and it is a rare occasion, indeed, when the finishers equal the starters.

With the exception of three war Nationals which were staged at Gatwick, near London, the Grand National always has been held at Aintree. A century ago the prophetically named Lottery won the first race. Today not only the world's greatest steeplechase honours, but also the distribution of 8,000,000 dollars in Irish Sweepstakes prizes await the outcome of the race. Lottery was England's first great steeplechaser. After his inaugural triumph, so great was his renown and so superior his ability that he was forced to carry 186 pounds, something no horse has ever done success-

fully in the race's history. Top winning weight for the Grand National is 175 pounds, carried but four times and the last 20 years ago. Contrast Grand National weights with those of other widely known turf classics. The Epsom Derby (1½ miles) calls for top weight of 126 pounds. In the Santa Anita Handicap (1¼ miles) average weight is 114 pounds. In 1934 Golden Miller went four miles, 856 yards on grass, carrying 170 pounds over 30 giant fences and at the same time averaged within 20 seconds per mile of the time in the flat English Derby.

When the first Grand National was run, Queen Victoria, in the second year of her reign, was a gay young lady of 20 years. The years and races which followed are studded with historic names. The riders have included amateurs and professionals, army officers, young noblemen, and even a parson, riding incognito. In 1873 the youthful Marquis of Queensbury, father of modern boxing, rode his own True Blue to a fall. Three years later the Earl of Minto almost broke his neck when he went down with Zero. Who was the Earl of Minto? Only the man who later became the Governor-General of Canada and Viceroy of India.

## Great One Eluded.

The great race has eluded many fine and persistent sportsmen. Edward, Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII., campaigned from 1884 to 1908 and won but one Grand National—in 1900 with Ambush II. This was the year the royal colours attained their greatest glory for later in the spring the Prince's Diamond Jubilee won the Derby at Epsom Downs. Just 10 years ago, on March 22, 1929, the American sportsman, Mr. J. H. (Jock) Whitney, had the prize almost in his grasp. His great horse, Easter Hero, was leading comfortably a mile from home when he spread a plate—a special jumping shoe—and was forced to take second. The year before Easter Hero had caused one of the greatest disturbances in national history by getting himself stuck on the fence at the canal turn and causing fully 20 horses to refuse. Of 42 starters, but two finished—the winner, Tip-

perary Tim, at 100-1, and the American horse, Billy Barton, which went down at the last fence and was remounted to finish second.

Although seeing a white horse is considered good luck by the bettors at Aintree, only one grey has managed to win. This was The Lamb, an Irish stallion, which won in 1869 and 1871. Even this exception was dogged by bad luck for The Lamb was later killed at Auteuil, France. His superb amateur jockey, Mr. Ede, who in '69 whipped off two loose horses to win, was himself killed by Chippenham on the last day of the Grand National meeting in 1870.

The countless perils of this great race were illustrated vividly in 1936. Two horses, far ahead of the field, took the last fence together. Reynoldstown, the favourite, winner in 1935, was at the end of his stamina; Davy Jones, long shot, owned by Lord Mildmay and ridden by his amateur son, was running strong. Suddenly young Mildmay was seen desperately trying to guide his horse with his hands. Davy Jones, lead-

*(Continued next Page.)*



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ing at 100-1, had broken a rein buckle and dashed from the course. This was too much for even the staid old "London Times" and an editorial resulted with the comment, "As shrewd a stroke of ill fortune as ever befell a fine horse and a fine rider."

Despite scores of entries and the prospect of many spills and few finishers, they have short-priced favourites in the Grand National. Golden Miller went to the post at the shortest odds in the race's history, 2 to 1, and unceremoniously unseated his rider. Last year's victor, Battleship, was the first American-bred, American-owned winner, being the property of Randolph Scott's wife. With The Lamb, Battleship enjoyed the distinction of being the smallest horse to win and was ridden by the youngest jockey, 17-year-old Bruce Hobbs. The first and only other American-bred horse to win the Grand National was the last of the truly great California breeds, Rubio, victor in 1908.

#### Crooners Beware.

**P**LATO, who held that young men should have a hardy upbringing, would probably have been at one with Sir Sydney Nicholson, director of the School of English Church Music, on the subject of crooning. "I cannot imagine a crooner," declared Sir Sydney, "inspiring anyone to war service." Plato, if we remember correctly, criticised the Lydian mode as being plaintive and effeminate and likely to have a demoralising effect on virile youth.

The themes which crooners select for interpretation are scarcely attuned to war service. We have never heard a crooner urging us in so many words to go out and win so much as a war savings certificate. They choose to celebrate the private and solitary sentiments involved in unrequited love or over-exuberant affection, passions which have little to do with battle-craft, munition work, or logistics. The suggestion has been made that crooners might be used on the field to clear the minefields ahead of the troops, presumably on the ground that they could do to mines what snake-charmers do to snakes.—"The Scotsman."

## BELLTOPPER MEMORY

**R**EFERENCE to belltoppers in our recent leading article reminded a club veteran of Daniel O'Connor—"th' jancyal Dan"—who sported a belltopper in the days of his political eminence—he was Postmaster-General—and still affected the fashion after he had fallen on hard times.

Dan lost everything in the San Francisco earthquake of 1906 except what he stood up in: his top hat and his frock coat. They proved his salvation on that awful night. He said: "No one there wore belltoppers except the doctors and so I was dragged into some nice homes to examine people who were more frightened than hurt. It was thus that I got into comfortable quarters and made some good friends."

Dan, however, lost with his luggage and his clothes, a bank draft and the M.S. of his "Life's Story," written for him by W. B. (Billy) Melville, who, later, wrote the life of W. P. Crick, although it appeared under the name of W. N. Willis.

Dan O'Connor returned to Australia broke to the wide, after he had squandered the £2,000 verdict he got from a Countess for breach of promise. The late George Black, M.L.A., and the late John Nobbs raised £100 for Dan. With this money they paid

his landladies, released his clothing, had some garments cleaned and repaired, bought him a new top hat and a set of studs and doled out the balance.

#### We're Catching Up!

**T**HE first patent granted for a tin can, in 1825, "to preserve animal, vegetable and perishable foods", was ignored for ten years because people considered the idea a joke and an impossibility.

H. G. Wells, in 1902, failed to see the possibilities of the airplane, declaring, "I don't think it at all probable that aeronautics will ever come into play as a serious modification of transport and communication."

The British Admiralty, in 1804, declared that the introduction of steam vessels would strike a blow at the naval supremacy of the empire. Some years later, in 1816, it declared the telegraph was "totally unnecessary".

In the 1840's the bath-tub was denounced in the U.S. as an epicurean innovation from England designed to corrupt the democratic simplicity of the Republic. The medical profession warned against it as a producer of rheumatic fevers and other diseases. Attempts were made to legislate against it.—Alan A. Brown in "The Victorian".

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## What They're Reading Oversea

**I** NOTICE in a publisher's list a book on Recipes by Irene Veal. The aptness of the writer's name reminds me of one or two other authentic instances in recent years. Thus there are: Book of a Thousand Salads, by Olive Green; The Liquor Problem, by F. H. Wines; Earth and its Mechanism, by H. Worms; Forms of Religious Error, by H. N. Curst; Needlework, by A. Cotton; Individual Psychology, by Leonard Self; and two novels, Small Rain, by Leslie Storm and That None Should Die, by F. G. Slaughtier.

And not long ago a new gardening book was published by Mr. Wyse Gardner. A little more of this, and we shall be getting a book on post-war building by Mr. P. R. E. Fabrication.—*Northerner II* in "Yorkshire Post."

\* \* \*

*Is this the Fidelity Insurance Coy?  
Yes, madame. What may we do for you?  
I want to have my husband's fidelity insured.*

### Didn't Go To Market.

**"THIS,"** Mr. A. Masser told Wakefield magistrates, "is the story of the little pig that didn't go to market. This little pig stayed at home."

Mr. Masser represented Wilfred Bensen, butcher, Canal Lane, Stanley, who pleaded guilty to unlawful possession of pork, and to the illegal slaughter of a pig. He was fined £10 with three guineas costs for possessing the meat. The summons for slaughtering the animal was dismissed on payment of costs.

Mr. Masser said the pig was a poorly-developed animal, and was given to Bensen's little girl as a pet. Eventually it grew into a fine pork pig, and Bensen slaughtered it to provide meat for customers.

The pork, said Mr. Masser, was handed over to the Ministry of Food. "You will probably be grieved to hear that this lovely pork pig was turned into sausages," he added. —*Yorkshire Post.*

**"LEAVING** his goat in the cloak-room, he went to his usual table"—(*Morning paper*).

What savoir-faire! What aplomb! Thus does a man of the world behave. Those unused to cities always betray themselves by taking their goats into restaurants with them and tethering them to the table. "We don't serve goats," says the head waiter. "Oh," says the country man, untethering his goat, and loosing it at the haughty menial.

But that is nothing. I knew an Indian student who took his elephant into a West End restaurant and gave it his Vienna Steak. The elephant never forgot. — *Beachcomber* in "Daily Express."

\* \* \*

3,000 consignments of goods have disappeared on the Finnish railways during the last year, as compared with 400 before the war. The goods consisted chiefly of tobacco, coffee, coffee substitute, margarine, and clothes.—*"Uusi Suomi," Helsinki.*

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**I**N a well-known Danzig restaurant, 570 forks, knives, and spoons out of a total of 600 have disappeared. Guests have now to wait for others to finish their meal before they can eat. Other caterers are obliged to ask guests to bring their own knives, forks and spoons. Ashtrays, sugar bowls, and table bells have also disappeared, and lately even lavatory seats have been taken away.—“Osteutscher Beobachter.”

\* \* \*

**I**N a small town out West there was a sudden commotion. It appeared that a wire had fallen across the main street and was holding up traffic. No one dared to touch it in case it should be “live”.

The news reached the editor of the local paper, and he acted promptly.

“Send down two reporters,” he ordered; “one to touch the wire and the other to write up the story.”—“The Walrus” in “The Zoutspansberg Review,” South Africa.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Dutch railway authorities have been compelled to take measures to prevent the theft of curtains, ashtrays, cushion covers, leather straps, etc., from railway carriages. Special watchmen must guard the trains when they are standing in the stations at night. Trains have been looted on such a scale that the authorities are unable to replace the stolen articles.—“Aftontidningen,” Stockholm.

\* \* \*

**A** BOY asks his father the meaning of the word “Boss”. The father replies: “My son, a boss is a man who comes to the office before your father when your father is late, and comes late when your father is early.”—“Vatan” (Turkey).

\* \* \*

**O**VERHEARD in a jeweller’s shop, lady in mink coat asking salesman for “A ring I can wear to wash up in.”—Ann Seymour in “Woman and Beauty.”

\* \* \*

**A** CONFERENCE is a meeting at which six men take three hours to decide to go to lunch.—Fred Emney in “It’s Time to Dance.”

\* \* \*

**A** SHORT-HAIRED soft winter jacket . . . sounds to me like heaven.—Lady Astor.

## Free Air Wanted.

**T**HE family helicopter becomes less and less a dream of long-haired inventors. The Press is full of little hints on what is to come. We saw a photograph the other day of a helicopter hovering tranquilly above a city intersection in America. The ominous feature about the photograph was that the inmate, a gentleman in a business suit, was coolly reading the financial section of his newspaper. And another American industrialist has prophesied that the air will soon be laden with standardised cheap, family models.

We don’t altogether like the idea of a family helicopter. To make a vertical descent on the office is all very well, but to stuff one of these craft full of bustling infants and to set off for a picnic on the top of Ben Lomond is quite another. No child has yet been reared who can resist the temptation to test the law of gravity by empirical experiment. A child who heaves his rattle out of his pram can cause no great damage, but there is no end to the mischief which will ensue when airborne babes start pitching themos flasks and binoculars out of helicopters. Life on the surface level will become intolerable once the substratosphere acquires a family atmosphere.—“The Scotsman.”

\* \* \*

**O**PULENCE is usually associated in the minds of the unthinking and the envious with a life of ease and luxury, accompanied by unrestricted champagne and cigars. This, of course, is quite contrary to the true state of things. The well-to-do, because of the responsibilities which opulence brings, are usually obliged to live lives of almost spartan regularity.—“Truth,” London.

\* \* \*

**M**OST modern communities provide about as much facility for the rearing of children as a boiler-plate factory for the painting of miniatures.—Honor Croome in “The Spectator,” London.

\* \* \*

**H**ERE is a singular incident showing how easy it is to misconstrue an overheard remark:

Mrs. A. (one of the overhearers): “They must have been to the Zoo, because I heard her mention ‘a trained deer’.”

Said Mrs. B.: “No. They were talking about going away, and she said to him: ‘Find out about the train, dear’.”

Said Mrs. C.: “I think you are both wrong. It seemed to me they were discussing music, for she said, ‘a trained ear’.”

A few minutes later the lady herself appeared, and they told her of their disagreement.

“Well!” she laughed. “That is certainly funny. You are poor guessers. The fact is, I had been out to the country overnight, and was asking my husband if it rained here last evening.”—“Weekly Telegraph.”

**W**HENEVER I use the word aristocrat, I mean a citizen who can command or govern two votes or more in society, whether by virtue of his talents, his learning, his loquacity, his taciturnity, his frankness, his reserve, grace, face, figure, eloquence, air, attitude, movements, wealth, birth, art, address, intrigue, drunkenness, debauchery, fraud, perjury, violence, treachery, Pyrrhonism, deism or atheism—for by every one of these instruments have votes been obtained—John Adams, President of the U.S.A., 1796-1800.

\* \* \*

**G**INGER ALE is the drink that tastes like when your foot’s asleep.

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## RACING FIXTURES

### JANUARY

SYDNEY TURF CLUB (Rosehill) .....	SAT. 17
AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB (Anniversary Meeting) .....	SAT. 24
AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB (Anniversary Meeting) .....	MON. 26
SYDNEY TURF CLUB (Canterbury Park) .....	SAT. 31

### FEBRUARY

AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB (Warwick Farm) .....	SAT. 7
SYDNEY TURF CLUB (Canterbury Park) .....	SAT. 14
SYDNEY TURF CLUB (Moorefield) .....	SAT. 21
AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB (Warwick Farm) .....	SAT. 28

### MARCH

SYDNEY TURF CLUB (Rosehill) .....	SAT. 6
SYDNEY TURF CLUB (Rosehill) .....	SAT. 13
AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB (Warwick Farm) .....	SAT. 20
AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB (Autumn Meeting) .....	SAT. 27
AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB (Autumn Meeting) .....	MON. 29
AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB (Autumn Meeting) .....	WED. 31

### APRIL

AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB (Autumn Meeting) .....	SAT. 3
CITY TATTERSALL'S CLUB .....	SAT. 10
SYDNEY TURF CLUB (Canterbury Park) .....	SAT. 17
SYDNEY TURF CLUB (Canterbury Park) .....	SAT. 24
AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB .....	MON. 26

### MAY

Sydney Turf Club (Rosehill) .....	SAT. 1
Tattersall's Club .....	SAT. 8

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